

LINKS · FROM
BROKEN
CHAINS



DONIZETTI MULLER

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 2448 Copyright No.

Shelf. M 8

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



LINKS FROM BROKEN CHAINS



©WAY HE FLEW MIBE AFTER MIBE
UNITING HEARTS IN LOVE.

LINKS
FROM BROKEN CHAINS

BY
DONIZETTI MULLER



CAMBRIDGE
Printed at the Riverside Press
M DCCC XCII

22743 X'
u

r

PS 2448

.M8

Copyright, 1891 and 1892,
By DONIZETTI MULLER.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO MY SONS

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

IN

SEVEN VOLUMES

THE SECOND

VOLUME



CONTENTS


	PAGE
The Origin of Will o' the Wisp	1
Marry for Love!	13
My Ship	14
To a Faithless One	15
Wedded to Gold	16
Then Melted Thy Cold Heart	17
Dreams	18
Oh, my Adored!	18
Fate	20
Divorced	21
The Discarded Wife	24
Retrospect	25
The Language of Flowers	27
I Wonder Why?	28
The Salt-Cellar	28
Maud and Paul	33
Beware!	38
Lament of a Runaway Dog	40
Storm Tossed	41
To an American Soldier	42
To John Greenleaf Whittier	43
The Tomb of Mrs. Hemans	45
To the Memory of John Howard Payne	46
The Old Man's Soliloquy	49
Soliloquy of the Houseless	50
The Yellow Boys	51
Smiling Misery	54

Come Home!	57
Little Bundle of Rags	58
Little Sunbeam	60
Never Strike a Child!	61
To a Caged Lion	61
To the Obelisk	62
To the Sunset Gun	65
Vesper Bells	67
The Alien	68
The Jeannette's Dead	69
The Reservoir	72
Obscurity	75
Our Destinies Diverge	76
Destiny	80
The Wheelman	82
The Masquerade Ball	82
Wine	84
Champagne Song	86
The Drunkard	87
The Brook's Melodies	89
To the Charles River	90
Lake of the Woods	94
Idyl of Lake George	95
The Spray and Bow Rivers	96
The Seasons	98
June	99
Autumn	100
Storm Pictures	102
Visions of the Woods	104
A Song to California	106
Alaska	108
Morning in the Country	110



LINKS FROM BROKEN CHAINS.

THE ORIGIN OF WILL O' THE WISP.

 HE god of love, long years ago
When Time himself was young,
Set out with quiver, darts and bow
Across his shoulders slung.

'T was morn ; Aurora's blandest smile
Beamed on him from above ;
Away he flew, mile after mile,
Uniting hearts in love.

Birds warbled softest melodies ;
Sweet flowers decked the ground,
Exhaling odors on the breeze
To soothe love's burning wound.

For love pervaded all the air
As gleamed this hunter's flame ;
His aim was true ; his silken snare
O'erflowed with joyous game.

2 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

How oft success in young or old
Engenders blind conceit !
And gods, like mortals, when too bold
Must sometimes know defeat.

Before the archer's eyes of blue
An angel seemed to glide : —
He twanged his bow, an arrow flew,
It glanced and turned aside.

Amazement chained the hunter-boy ;
For ne'er in earthly guise
Had vision sweet, — so bright, so coy, —
Dazed this young rover's eyes !

Her orbs the midnight stars eclipse ;
Her teeth outrival snow ;
Her mocking, coral, dewy lips
Are arched like Cupid's bow.

The locks through which her shoulders
gleam
Wave there like golden floss ;
Her voice is soft as sylvan stream
Impelled o'er tufts of moss.

With charming grace and visage blest,
Lithe form unmatched by art, —

Alas! that such a lovely breast
Contains an icy heart!

The lamp which gives the purest light
Decoys the moth to death;
That dainty flower¹ of purest white
Allures with poison breath.

She pertly says: "Thy power I scout,
Thou prankish imp of mirth;
I challenge thee! for much I doubt
Thy boasted heavenly birth.

"Sweet little fool! Go chant love's strain
To softer hearts than mine!
I'll wear no chain of love-sick swain,
Nor in his arms recline.

"For me, thou ne'er shalt choose a mate;
I scorn love's soft appeal!
Thy shaft can never penetrate
My armor strong as steel.

"For others keep thy silly darts
Who sigh to fall thy prey!
Learn, tiny god, men's loving hearts
Are toys with which I play!"

¹ The *Andromeda Mariana*, — stagger bush.

4 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

Abashed, the baffled, pouting child
Departs in scornful woe,
And seeks repose within the wild,
Where limpid streamlets flow.

He finds a rill 'neath lindens tall, —
Fit place for gods to rest ;
Refulgent beams across it fall
From out the gorgeous west.

He throws his bow and darts aside ;
His wings he deftly trims ;
Then plunges in the purling tide
To cool his dimpled limbs.

Unknown to him, the saucy lass
Discovers his retreat, —
Purloins his weapons off the grass,
And flees with nimble feet.

Ah, fugitive ! as you in grace
Trip blithely o'er the strand,
You little reck your feet but trace
Your doom upon the sand.

A butterfly, with splendid wings,
Flies swiftly down the glade, —

The Origin of Will o' the Wisp 5

Ideal of all lovely things
Imploring Cupid's aid.

“ Yes, little one, I grant thy plea,
Thou shalt not vainly sue ;
The nectar-cup that blooms for thee
Distills enough for two.”

How gleefully he cleaves the tide !
His pretty cheeks aglow,
Then flings the pearly drops aside,
And springs to grasp his bow.

He looks around in wild despair —
Lo ! bow and darts have fled !
His voice in anger rends the air
As if to rouse the dead.

His outcries waken deep defiles ;
His clan springs through the green ;
Meanwhile, the witching damsel smiles
Behind her leafy screen.

Thus, many laugh when they should weep,
They love where they should hate,
And rest in dreams of blissful sleep
Beneath the sword of fate.

6 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

“Ho ! comrades all ! heed my commands !
Find where our thief has fled !
My arrows hurled by other hands
Will consternation spread !

“The queenly rose, how would it grow
If anchored in the lake ?
Forget-me-nots, how would they blow
Engrafted on the brake ?

“Away ! and hunt with main and might !
List ye to every sound !
And search for steps however light
Upon the yielding ground !”

They scan each leaf and mottled tint
Where shine and shadows meet,
And quickly see each tiny dint
Where flew this coquette's feet.

They follow where those imprints wind
Along the curving shore ;
The fleeing pilferer they find, —
The hot pursuit is o'er.

In scathing tones, the god : “Strange
foe !
Think'st thou with me to jest ?



HO! COMRADES ALL! HEED MY COMMANDS!
FIND WHERE OUR THIEF HAS FLED!

The Origin of Will o' the Wisp 7

Ne'er more for thee shall passion glow
In any manly breast !

“ For thy fell crime, inhuman sprite,
Hear thou my stern decree :
Go roam the earth a fickle light
Through all eternity !

“ When stilly night, lone, dread, profound,
Unfurls her sable pall,
Through grave-yards flit, from mound to
mound,
Condemned and shunned by all !

“ O'er lonely marshes doomed to glide
Till night is merged in day,
Thy lovely face then shalt thou hide
In tombs with mortal clay !

“ O'er dreary moorlands thou shalt dart,
Past wildernesses skirt ;
Go seek, go find, a loyal heart !
Away ! thou wretched flirt ! ”

“ Relent ! relent ! ” she pleads in woe,
“ Behold mine eyes with tears o'erflow !
Have mercy ! I implore !

8 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

Release me from this endless fate !
Give me some task, however great,
I 'll serve thee evermore.

“While sporting with thine arms, by
chance

I pierced me with thy cruel lance, —
Ah, heal this mad'ning sting !”

“No ! thou shalt bear through endless
time

This pain ! The curse of thy deep crime
To thee must ever cling !

“The greatest crime of all on earth
Is scorning love in heartless mirth ;
For this thou art convicted.

I will not grant thy wild appeal ;
I will not cause a wound to heal
That has been self-inflicted.”

“If I can never know the charms
Of being clasped in loving arms,
And pillowed on Love's breast ;
If in love-smiles I may not bask,
Then let me die ! 't is all I ask, —
To die and be at rest.”



FOR THY FELL CRIME INHUMAN SPRITE
HEAR THOU MY STERN DEBREE!

The Origin of Will o' the Wisp 9

“Know, pleading maid, thy charming
face

Effects no change in thy disgrace ;

Thy beauty I defy !

For when mine arms were filched by thee

That theft meant immortality,

And thou shalt never die ! ”

“ Let me not ever wander o'er

Dark, dreary grave-yards, marsh, and moor,

Unloved, alone each night,

Nor through each sweet delightful day,

When all the world with joy is gay,

Be shut from human sight.

“ Relent ! and I will chant thy praise,

Through moon-lit nights and sunny days,

With every thankful breath !

Unhappy fate ! alas, to be

A light from which all lovers flee !

'T is worse than living death.

“ For love my tortured bosom yearns, —

For love my breast with passion burns

Which I cannot control !

Immortal pangs of wild desire

Consume my heart with quenchless fire !

Relieve my longing soul !

10 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

“ For thee I ’ll find the fairest bowers,
To thee will bring the sweetest flowers,
 And sing thee to repose ;
I ’ll be thy slave for aye, through all ;
Forgive ! forgive me and recall
 Thy curse of endless woes !

“ Oh, I ’ll disperse the clouds, the storm,
Bring gems to deck thy lovely form
 From heaven’s galaxy ;
For thee, deep caves will I explore,
Through azure depths for thee will soar,
 If thou wilt set me free ! ”

“ Enough ! ” the archer-boy replies,
With anger in his voice and eyes,
 “ Behold how gods can jest !
I take thy vow, glib boaster fair ;
Do these slight tasks, I ’ll grant thy prayer ;
 Lo, this is my behest : —

“ Paint a song upon the rainbow ;
 Mend a broken bubble ;
Make the desert overflow ;
 Quell the ocean’s trouble.

“ Count the countless stars in motion ;
 Hush the wind’s deep sighing ;

Count the countless pearls of ocean ;
Stop the clouds from flying.

“ Chain the lightning ere it flashes ;
Still the pealing thunder ;
Stop the avalanche that dashes
Mounts of ice asunder.

“ Cage a cyclone ; make an earthquake ;
Shorten years to hours ;
Out of fire forge a snowflake ;
Wreathe the moon with flowers.

“ Seize the glory of the morning,
With it bind thy tresses ;
Dim the sky the sun 's adorning
With his last caresses.

“ Hapless outcast ! jilt of earth !
Doubting my celestial birth !
When these mandates are obeyed
I 'll forgive thee, pleading maid.”

Will o' the Wisp ! of thee we sing,
On earth, in heaven above,
Thou art, of all, the only thing
That findeth naught to love.

12 *The Origin of Will o' the Wisp*

The oceans, founts, and streams would dry
If Love's sweet spell were o'er ;
The sun, the stars, the earth would die,
And chaos reign once more.

The heavens paint upon the seas
Their ev'ry changing hue,
And sweeter sighs the fragrant breeze
When falls the evening dew.

Huge mounts peel forth a deep refrain
To clouds contending low ;
Glad offspring of the sun and rain !
Love causes thee to glow.

Love binds us all with rosy bands,
Love conquers hearts perverse !
Love guides us with his dimpled hands,
Love rules the Universe !



WHEN STILLBY NIGHT, DONE, DREAD, PROFOUND
UNPURUS HEIR SABLE PALL

MARRY FOR LOVE!



ED not for pomp nor gain,
But love, true love, that gift
from realms above!

No power on earth can rend the chain
Whose links are clasped with love.

Deceit will hide the smart,
Stifle the sigh, keep burning tears sup-
pressed,
And smiling, pillowed on thy trusting
heart,
Dream 't is another's breast.

Beauty is prone to stray,
It pines when caged, and petulance as-
sumes ;
Cherish thy bird, or it may soar away
Where vice will soil its plumes.

False pride conceals the shoal
That lurks to wreck with gold's alluring
snare ;
The jeweled bonds which fether brain and
soul
'T will gall the slave to wear.

When Youth and Age unite,
 December frost congeals the heart of
 May ;
 A sunbeam frozen on the breast of Night
 Will prove a fickle ray !

Wed not for pomp nor gain,
 But love, true love, that gift from realms
 above !
 No power on earth can rend the chain
 Whose links are clasped with love.



MY SHIP.



HAVE the trimmest jaunty craft
 That cleaves the curling foam,
 Sweet Fancy's airy pinions waft
 It, where I wish to roam.

Her dainty sails are moonlight soft,
 Her flag, dawn's rosy beams,
 And for a pennant up aloft,
 A rainbow gayly streams.

My friends all bear me company,
 Love nestles in each berth ;

Bright visions freight my argosy,
We ballast her with mirth.

Our wealth is more than Cræsus' hoard,
From out their treasure-keep
Tritons and mermaids toss on board
Rich jewels of the deep.

Her silken ropes by zephyrs fanned
Enchant us to repose ;
We ever float, a joyous band,
Where youth immortal glows !



TO A FAITHLESS ONE.

“ Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay ;
And Hope is nothing but a false delay ! ”

BYRON.



SAW thee at the ball last night,
Gems decked thy snowy breast,
Whose lustre gives old age the
right
His head thereon to rest.

One moment, as we stood alone,
I heard thy stifled sigh,

Regretful tears of anguish shone
In thine averted eye.

Regrets are vain ; thou shouldst rejoice
Since thou art Fortune's bride,
But sadness undertones thy voice
Dissembling cannot hide.

Thy faithless heart will oft repine
At Pride's deceitful vow ;
Thy bitter tears will oft outshine
The jewels on thy brow.



WEDDED TO GOLD.



LOVE is a passion from above
Which knows nor guile nor mal-
ice ;

The lowly cot illumed by love
Outvies the regal palace.

Ah ! gold is but a worthless prize
With which thy heart to garnish ;
The gems that dazzle now thine eyes
Thy tears will quickly tarnish !

Then melted Thy Cold Heart 17

Dissembling, thou mayst thrill the breast
Upon thine own reclining,
But naught can quell thy wild unrest
Nor keep thee from repining !



THEN MELTED THY COLD HEART.



As fierce volcanic fire leaps from the
quivering mount,
My love gushed forth to thee in
one o'erwhelming fount.
Then melted thy cold heart 'neath love's
impassioned gleams,
As snow dissolves beneath the sun's bright,
warming beams.
But burning lava-tide thrown o'er a frozen
sea
Makes icebergs float away ; thus thou
did'st drift from me.



DREAMS.



CLASPED thee in my dreams ;
 so deep was thy repose
 Methought thee dead ! I rained
 hot tears on thy dear face,
 And strained thee to my heart in one
 long, wild embrace ;
 I kissed thy glowing lips, and made thine
 eyes unclose.

Oh, had my dreams been true, e'en had
 thy spirit fled,
 I would have thrilled thy clay with all the
 love of years,
 Besought thee in such woe, baptized thee
 with such tears,
 That my endearing terms had roused thee
 from the dead.



OH, MY ADORED!



H, my adored ! I have no thoughts
 which are not thine ;
 Thy darling name I hear low-
 breathed in pearly shells,

And when bright dewdrops roll into
sweet flower-cells,
In all earth's loveliness, thy soul communes
with mine.

Oh, could I die for thee! Away, false
dream, depart!

Why do I tremble so? Do I adore thee
still?

No, no, O love! I bind thee with an
iron will,
And though it wring my soul, I tear thee
from my heart!

Now thou mayst sigh to reillumine love's
torch in vain!

This heart, once thine, now holds but
ashes of despair,

More cold than if no fire had ever spar-
kled there;

Thou hast no power, false one, to kindle
it again.

FATE.



HE angel of my dreams thou art,
O love divinely fair !
I wake to press thee to my heart,
And clasp but empty air.


A jewel gleamed upon the strand ;
I stooped to grasp the ray,
A curling wave swept 'neath my hand,
And snatched the prize away.

Whene'er I list a wild bird's strain,
The lovely songster flees ;
The roses that I strive to gain
Are scattered by the breeze.

Like poor wrecked mortal on the deep
I see a beacon light,
When storm-clouds o'er the heavens sweep
And hide the blessed sight.



DIVORCED.

HE dim, unsteady light
Throws phantom shadows round
a tiny bed,
Where lies a hapless child. An early
blight
Dyes his wan cheeks ; pain racks his infant
head.

His father, bowed with grief,
The image of despair, walks to and fro ;
Remorse can ne'er bring tortured breast
relief,
Nor vain regrets release the heart from
woe.

He hears his sick boy moan
(While from his pleading eyes the hot
tears pour) :
“ Oh ! why have Ma and Sister from us
gone ?
Where are they now ? and will they come
no more ?

“ How nice it used to be !
You romped with us, and fairy tales re-
hearsed ;

Or if away, then Sister played with me ;
When you returned, each flew to greet you
first.

“ Ma always stroked my hair
And kissed me when I fell, or if I wept ;
At night she heard me say my little
prayer,
Then told me of bright angels, till I slept.

“ Oh, send for Mamma now,
And Sister too, I want them home again ;
If they could lay their cool hands on my
brow
And kiss my eyes, I know 't would ease
the pain.”

· · · · ·
Three hundred leagues away : —
“ Wherefore these tears, what ails my little
pet ?
You have new toys.” “ Oh, Ma ! I can-
not play,
My heart is sad, and — your eyes, too, are
wet.

“ Again last night I dreamed
Of Brother dear ; his brow was bathed
with dew,

His lips were parched, his eyes with
fever gleamed,
He looked so ill, and he was calling you.

“ I saw his thin hand grope
For yours, as if he thought you must be
near,
And Papa moaned as though bereft of
hope ;
Let us go home ; Brother will die, I fear.”

“ Dreams come not true, sweet one,
Else had my life been one bright round
of bliss ;
Dear little Will ! my darling, darling
son —
Perhaps — he has forgotten us ere this.”

“ Brother forget us ? no !
He pines for us, and wonders where we
are ;
This very day, dear Ma, shall we not go ?
Oh, do say yes ! I long to kiss Papa ! ”

“ Hush ! hush ! you have appealed
With all the love and strength at your
command ;

Our hearts may break ! I am too proud
to yield ;
Forgive me, child ! — you cannot under-
stand.”

.

Parents, in Heaven's sweet name,
Why rend young hearts whose lives sprang
from one source ?
Why make God's law a byword, farce,
and shame ?
Think of your little ones, and shun di-
vorce !



THE DISCARDED WIFE.



LAS ! that homes, in sordid marts,
By pride are wrecked forever ;
Alas ! that gold can sunder
hearts
Which God has bound together.

I little recked it tolled my knell,
And heeded not its warning,
When sweetly pealed the marriage bell
Upon our bridal morning.

I never thought of cruel wrong,
Nor how deceit can palter ;
I did not see the ghostly throng,
That hovered o'er the altar —

As proudly kneeling by his side,
While holy words were spoken.
A thousand deaths my soul has died
Since he those vows has broken.

The love then pledged to me for life
Is lavished on another ;
My husband calls her now his wife !
My children call her mother !



RETROSPECT.



THE veil which screens long weary
years

In dreams I throw aside,
When lo ! a lovely girl appears
In all her virgin pride.

As then, her soulful, timid eyes
Are gazing into mine ;

The while I list her counsel wise,
Mine arms around her twine.

Again the selfsame books we con,
With lessons all too brief ;
Again we write love-mottoes on
The margin of some leaf.

We wander forth on star-lit nights
To hear the whip-poor-wills,
And see the glow-worms' tiny lights
Flash o'er the pensive hills.

Oh, rosy youth ! when two hearts rhyme,
The music of the spheres
Sends through each soul a thrill divine,
That charms in after-years.

Dear girl, how lovely all things seemed !
Why, every month was June !
In those sweet times we never dreamed
That hearts sang out of tune.

The frost of age now crowns my head,
My brow is furrowed o'er,
Wild vines have wreathed thy lowly bed
These three decades — and more.

Oh, loved and lost, for thee I yearn,
While thou dost wait for me ;
Though other eyes watch my return,
My heart still pines for thee.

Time doth not mar youth's first sweet
dream
The while life's currents flow ;
The twilight tinge upon the stream
Is but an after-glow.



THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



T morn I give thee violets ; each
spray
Is gemmed with dew.
Dost know they say to thee, " Love me all
day,
All day be true ? "

When twilight falls, I give to thee a rose
Lovely and bright,
Which says, within its heart that crimson
glows,
" Love me all night ! "

I WONDER WHY?



MYSTIC light is burning
 In thy dark eye,
 Which starts my heart to yearning,
 I wonder why?

When you my shy hand captured
 In passing by,
 My soul was thrilled, — enraptured!
 I wonder why?

Thy smiles to all are pleasing, —
 Could I but die
 My heart is burning, — freezing, —
 I wonder why?



THE SALT-CELLAR.



TWO friends have I, who dwell in
 realms of bliss,
 One a lawyer, and one a banker's
 daughter,
 “My darling sweet!” precedes a lingering
 kiss:
 Time — honeymoon's first quarter.

Her form is exquisite, orbs dark and
bright,
A winsome face where love and joy are
blended,
Her lips are ravishing, teeth pearly white,
Her raven hair is splendid.

In his blue eyes fierce burns the fire of
youth,
His locks are blonde, his voice is deep
and mellow ;
In stature manly, tall and strong, in truth
An earthly-born Apollo.

Words cannot paint the rapture of these
two ;
Their hearts are one, transfixed by love's
firm rivet.
By hours they tell their love, and bill and
coo ;
Their souls turn on one pivot.

They from each other's eyes translate
sweet lore,
Their every look their fondness but con-
fesses,

But vigorous youth requires something
more
Substantial than caresses.

“Dinner am served!” The butler wheels
in haste,
A large-sized smile distorts his visage
sable.
Their right hands clasped, his left arm
round her waist,
They saunter towards the table.

“Will wifey try the soup? it smells right
nice!”
“Yes, love.” To squeeze her hand, he
drops the cover;
Oh, woeful accident! in half a trice
It knocks the salt-dish over.

“Oh, hubby dear! look, look, you’ve
spilt the salt!
How could you, love? now, we are sure
to wrangle!”
“Wrangle! well, sweet, it shall not be my
fault;
Your riddle pray untangle!”

“ I ’ve often heard my darling mother say
That he who spills the salt will rue the
blunder, —
Be angry with some friend ere close of
day, —
Can aught our fond hearts sunder ? ”

“ That you could heed such trash, I never
dreamed !
Your mother — lord ! she ’s childish, old,
and silly. ”

“ My mother silly, sir ! ” the young wife
screamed
In accents sharp and chilly.

“ Good heavens ! come, don’t be a little
fool ! ”

“ Call me a fool ? insult a dear old lady ?
How dare you, sir ? ” “ I meant no harm,
keep cool !
Why, both your minds are shady ! ”

“ I ’ll hear no more ! ” Her chair falls with
a bang ;
Pride, hate, and scorn within her dark
orbs mingle ;

She flounces out, the door shuts with a
clang
That makes the dishes jingle.

“By Jove! the truth is piercing my thick
skull!
My wife is right, and so is her wise
mother.
“I’ll go to her! how could I be so dull?”
Now each forgives the other.

Kisses dissolve the clouds, Love reigns
once more;
A heavenly smile illumines the drops of
sorrow;
The storm is past; their souls enraptured
soar
Where I forbear to follow.

.

A careless word the sweetest joys will mar;
When friends have faith in things you
feel like scouting,
Think what you please, but it is better far
To give no signs of doubting.

Dear ones, if you would shun domestic
strife,
And have the honeymoon of long dura-
tion,
This mandate heed : when home-brewed
gales are rife,
Slur not your mate's relation !

Perchance some bitter drug may fill thy
cup ;
Dash it away ! to quaff it would be fool-
ish ;
Each say, " Forgive me, love ! " kiss, and
make up,
And always blame the salt-dish.



MAUD AND PAUL.



THE sleepy birds within the dell
Were whispering " Good-night,"
When on the sward a footstep
fell,
As soft as beam of light.

'T was Maud, a girl of seventeen,
As graceful as the fawn,
And lovely as the blush between
The fickle clouds at dawn.

Mirth-dimpling cheeks of roseate hue,
Gray orbs with jetty fringe,
Arch lips as fresh as early dew,
And locks of purple tinge.

In virgin white was she arrayed ;
Her hair was unconfined,
Save where the moonlight wove a braid,
Or with the coils entwined.

Young Paul awaits the maiden there,
With heart on love intent ;
Their mingled breath unto the air
A sweeter fragrance lent.

The youth has soul-lit eyes of blue,
A pure and lofty mind,
A matchless form, heart brave and true ;
His lips the gods designed.

Oh, joyous youth, take not thy flight,
And love's sweet dreams erase,

Ah, grief should ne'er their fond hearts
 blight,
Nor age their brows deface.

Fair moon, hast found that in thy rounds
 For which the spirit yearns ?
Tell me, bright stars, if in your bounds
 True love immortal burns ?

Oh, Helios ! thy steeds turn back !
 Search out some hidden clime,
Where fadeless flowers shall drift the track,
 And stop the car of Time.

Unversed in guile, Paul feels the joy
 Of love's first ecstasy ;
Arch, witching, dainty, sweet, and coy,
 Maud lists his tender plea : —

“ Oh, Maud ! the skylark never sang
 So joyously before ;
I never saw the roses hang
 So thickly round our door ;

“ A fleet of lilies guards our lake,
 Full swells each snowy sail ;
The violets are all awake ;
 The lilacs scent the gale ;

“ A garland decks the jessamine ;
Daisies adorn the heath ;
Dearest, be mine ! and I will twine
For thee a bridal wreath. ”

“ No chains for me ! adieu, we part.
The eagle 's not so free !
The hunter's dart may find its heart,
But none can pinion me ! ”

She gives her curls a saucy toss,
She pouts her coral lips,
And hardly dints the velvet moss,
So fairy-like she trips.

When thus the pine's coquettish tress
Recedes in mock disdain,
The zephyr's faintest love-caress
Recalls the sprite again.

But Paul, alas ! with haughty brow
Calls not. Contempt, surprise,
And hate succeed love's recent vow,
Scorn flashes from his eyes.

Oh, fickle youth ! thy pathway gleams
O'er shoals by quicksands fluted, —

A whim dispels thy golden dreams,
And dims the torch of Cupid.

As lightly fades the name when traced
Where wanton billows play,
Or airy castles are erased,
Fond hearts are flung away.

.

Ten years have winged their noiseless
flight,
Fair Maud 's a pensive maid,
Her eyes have lost their roguish light,
Her hair its purple shade.

.

How varied o'er our spirits steals
The tuneful village bell !
For Paul, it chimes sweet marriage-peals,
For Maud, it tolls a knell.

BEWARE !



BEWARE of Love, the archer boy ;
 Let caution be thine armor ;
 Beware ! he brings not always joy,
 He's but a fickle charmer.

When Cupid wounds a tender heart
 His captive is delighted,
 If he lets fly a poisoned dart
 The victim's life is blighted.

A promise is a brittle link,
 Desire, a wanton rover ;
 The falls are smoothest on the brink
 Of plunging madly over !

Manhood, unsullied, woos the things
 That Virtue shuns in terror ;
 A blemish to a woman clings, —
 All magnify the error !

The heart that sacrifices all
 To Love's delightful pleading,
 Like withered wreaths from festive hall,
 He flings away unheeding.

Though harmless seems the gleeful spray
That sunshine floods with glory,
That surging spray will wear away
The frowning promontory.

The bee its treasure brings no more ¹
To where its sweets were rifled ;
The soul will ne'er enraptured soar
With which deceit has trifled.

The hare-bell torn from woodland rill
Will perish with the florist ;
The fettered bird will never trill
The music of the forest.

Though brightly gleams the stranded shell
O'erswept by wild commotion,
Within its cell for aye shall dwell
The dirges of the ocean.

¹ Bumble-bees deposit their honey in rock-heaps, tufts of dry grass, and the like ; when robbed, they never return.



LAMENT OF A RUNAWAY DOG.

BY waving fields and limpid streams
Was my dear home; how oft it
gleams

Across my brain in fitful dreams!
Now starved and cold I roam,
One foot is lame,
Alas! I have no home,
No friends, no name.

With blanket tied with ribbons gay,
A swell town-dog once came my way;
Ah! woe is me, I rue that day;
“I would not chase the cow,
Nor chickens tend,”
Said this stuck-up bow-wow,
My new-made friend.

With foolish praise he made me proud;
I swallowed all the oaths he vowed,
And sought with him the city's crowd;
Oh! if I dared return
To master now;
For home and friends I yearn;
Bow! wow! b-o-w — w-o-w —

STORM-TOSSED.



H me ! the sullen breakers' roar
Strikes with a boding thrill,
While fiercely from some frozen
shore
There comes an icy chill.

Low down the gray horizon's rim
A gloomy cloud appears ;
The frowning sky is leaden-dim,
And shedding bitter tears.

With masts all rent, lo ! in the dark
I drift, the whirlwind's prey ;
My anchor 's gone ; my tossing bark
Flies on her aimless way.

Oh, Pilot ! you 're perverse to me ;
Could I but take command,
I 'd steer towards some pearly sea
Or rosy morning land.

How fast she skims the fickle main !
I near the dismal West ;
Back ! Pilot, to the East again ! —
He heeds not my behest !

TO AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.



WHEN devastating clouds rolled
black,
Thy sword the valiant guided ;
Aye, thine undaunted will gave back
Our Country undivided.

If prayers availed, or human art,
In pain thou wouldst not languish ;
At thy distress the Nation's heart
Is bowed in tearful anguish.

Relentless fate life's thread may break,
And earthly ties dissever ;
Time's tuneful lyre thy praise shall wake,
The Hero lives forever.

Thy mighty deeds, thy matchless fame,
Gleam forth a starry cluster ;
And ages hence, thy cherished name
Will glow with brightest lustre.

NEW YORK, *June 25, 1885.*

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THY words lead our thoughts
higher,
Making humanity our constant
guest ;
Once gently touched, thy soulful, tender
lyre
Vibrates in every breast.

When slaves were forced to clank
Their galling chains in terror, pain, and
woe,
Each burning link within thy bosom sank,
Thy heart felt every throe.

Tears of remorse will start,
When vengeful mem'ry draws the veil
aside,
Revealing to the sad, regretful heart
Thy lay of love and pride.

When Autumn paints the woods,
Sears all the hills, scatters her garnered
leaves,
Thy fancy from Death's crumbling, russet
goods
A fadeless garland weaves.

44 *To John Greenleaf Whittier*

Thine Idyl born of gales —

How many souls its holy ties have felt!
Though sunbeams glow till old Atlantic
 fails,
Thy snow-wreaths ne'er will melt.

Enchanted by thy Muse,

Tribes yet unborn will love New Eng-
 land's strands,
And o'er her waves see dart frail bark ca-
 noes,
Propelled by dusky hands.

New England's sons may roam,

There is no clime to which they do not
 throng;
But more than fame or wealth they love
 the home
Portrayed by thee in song.

New England's granite hills

Will echo back for aye thy plaintive
 lays;
New England's surge-lashed shores and
 sparkling rills
Will ever sound thy praise.

THE TOMB OF MRS. HEMANS.



HIS silent tomb for thee ! where
no faint ray
Of sunlight lingers round thy sa-
cred clay ?
O thou, who loved the woods, the daisied
sod,
The brooks, the birds, all things which
breathed of God,
Thy grave should be where summer breezes
toy
With violets ; where cowslips bloom, and
coy
Forget-me-nots unclosetheir pensive eyes,
To catch the light of England's azure
skies.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN HOWARD
PAYNE.

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was born at East Hampton, Long Island, on June 9, 1792, and died at Tunis, April 9, 1852. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, a friend of the author since youth, had his remains brought to his native land; they arrived on March 21, 1883, and were finally laid to rest at Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C., on June 9. The services were conducted by Bishop Pinckney.



REST ! thou hast reached the goal ;
Kind friends strew flowers above
thy mould'ring brow ;
The praise that would have thrilled thy
longing soul,
The world accords thee now.

Thy cup o'erflowed with woe,
The rude winds tossed thy bark in heed-
less play ;
Now through all climes regretfully and low
Echoes thy mournful lay.

" Sweet Home ! " oh, sacred spell !
The prodigal hath melted at thy strain,
And hardened wretch within his prison-cell,
When prayers have been in vain.

Upon the couch of death,
Where fading hope to fond remembrance
 clings,
Thy plaintive melody, with failing breath,
The lonely exile sings.

When Valor might despair,
In thrilling tones it nerves the warrior's
 breast ;
The mother softly breathes thy soothing
 air
To lull her babe to rest.

Along the smiling shore,
Through dim, lone woods, far o'er the
 rolling plain,
In harvest field, by lowly cottage door,
Is heard thy sweet refrain.

O trusting heart betrayed,
Bereft of friends, and all save taunts of
 scorn,
"Sweet Home!" bright angels chant ;
 Hope heaven-arrayed
Cheers thy dark soul forlorn.

Where sounds God's holy praise,
O'er boundless seas, through high and
 craggy fells,
In stately halls, where regal jewels blaze,
 Thy tender anthem swells.

Thy song will never cease,
Thy words divine cause every heart to
 thrill ;
While ages roll, while centuries increase,
 Thy lyre will vibrate still.

Oh ! tardy recompense ;
Alas ! how oft is genius linked with fate,
And brave hearts crushed 'neath agonies
 intense,
While homage comes too late.

Rest ! thou hast reached the goal ;
Kind friends strew flowers above thy
 mould'ring brow ;
The praise that would have thrilled thy
 longing soul,
The world accords thee now.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.



THE summer days are not so long,
The sky is not so blue,
The robin sings a sadder song
Than when my life was new.

The cataract above the mill —
How loud it used to roar !
But now, it falls so soft and still
I hardly hear it pour.

The blast that rocked the northern pine,
I hailed with glowing breath ;
The breeze that sways the jessamine,
Now feels as cold as death.

The rainbow is no longer bright,
The flowers no longer sweet,
My raven locks have turned to white,
And Time has chained my feet.

O Time, how noiseless thou dost glide !
And yet how swift thy stream !
I drift upon the ebbing tide,
Near where my treasures gleam.

SOLILOQUY OF THE HOUSELESS.

“’T is dark : the iced gusts rave and beat !” — KEATS.



ARK to the revel

Convulsing the clouds !

’T is the loom of the devil

Weaving shrouds.

How the winds wrangle

With sign-board and tree !

How the storm-furies strangle,

Torture me !

Dreary, dark, endless,

These bitter nights stretch

To a poor, old, sick, friendless,

Houseless wretch.

God ! I shall perish

Out here in the snow !

Is there no one to cherish

Me ? No — no —

Little it matters

To the proud ones near

That I writhe in my tatters,

Starving here.

THE YELLOW BOYS.



WITH a wrinkled face death-white,
In a cheerless room and cold,
A miser counts by a feeble light
His treasures of hoarded gold ;
And he croons as the eagles clink :
 “ I stow the shiners away !
What others squander on food and drink
 I keep for a rainy day.

“ The people are mad or fools !
On the fat of the land they thrive,
Eating and drinking the richest things, —
Why, a crust keeps me alive !
Of this faded cloak so old
I care not what they think,
 For every fold
 Is stuffed with gold, —
Ah, how my eagles clink ! ”
And he chuckles as he sings :
 “ I stow the shiners away !
 My only joys
 Are my Yellow Boys,
The chums with which I play. ”

His soul he pawned in a sordid mart,
Never to be redeemed ;
His poor wife died of a broken heart,
While for gold he starved and schemed.
Still he sings in devilish glee :
 “ My wife is dead,
 My son has fled,
And I am alone and free !
 Oh, it takes much less
 To feed but one
Than to feed a hungry wife and son,
 Ha ! ha ! it takes much less
 To feed but one
Than it did to feed all three ! ”

One morn they found the miser dead,
His throat was cruelly gashed ;
A gaping wound was in his head
Where his brains had been outdashed ;
 The Yellow Boys
 He would not lend,
But hugged to his stingy heart
 The golden toys
 He would not spend,
At last, they had to part. —

In a pauper's grave his bones were cast,
With never a prayer or knell,
When a laugh croaked up from the depths
so vast

Like a fiend's from the caves of hell :

“ Ho ! I am so lean,

So shriveled and lean,

I will treat the poor worms to a fast !

Ho ! I am so lean,

So skinny, I ween,

I have cheated the worms at last ! ”

In a splendid street,

Where thousands of feet

Are rushing to and fro,

As the tide and life of the city beat

In an endless ebb and flow ;

In a gorgeous, gilded hall of fate,

Where the smiling tempter lurks in wait

As fortunes sink and soar,

Where many a song

From that eager throng

With curses and laughter blends,

His Yellow Boys, on *rouge et noir*,

Are making other friends.



SMILING MISERY.

LINES ON SEEING AN OLD BLIND BEGGAR SMILE
IN HIS SLEEP.



PON the sward o'er which the
graceful willow streams,
The old blind mendicant lies
wrapped in happy dreams,
While long, slanting sunbeams with golden
lances trace
Angelic smiles upon his pinched, time-
wrinkled face.

Thou smilest in thy dreams ;
Art happy now ?
Are youth's bright limpid streams
Laving thy brow ?

How strange seem the smiles round thy
lips at play !
Art thou culling flowers which adorn the
way ?
Does the fragrant breeze waft a sweet re-
frain,
From the dark, green woods, of the wild
bird's stain ?

Oh, gentle, sweet repose,
Soft, mystic charm,
Healer of earthly woes,
Bless thy dear balm.

See'st the morning sun o'er the mountains
shine,
And the clouds in the west at the day's
decline?
Does the dash of waves, and the vintage
song,
In thy bright dreams waver and float
along?

Perchance a mother's hand
Is guiding thee
To some far peaceful land
Where all may see.

Dost thou in thy youth roam the fields once
more?
Does thy shallop bound to the dipping
oar?
Or do merry voices, in childish glee,
Chase thy woes away with their revelry?

Does thy loved sister's song
Fall on thine ear?

Does an angelic throng
To thee appear ?

Ah ! the happy smiles are now giving
place
To a troubled look which o'erclouds thy
face ;
And thy sightless orbs are tearfully raised,
For thy waking dreams leave thy soul
amazed.

Ye lengthening shadows, pause !
Time, cease your flight !
Nature, revoke thy laws,
Give blind eyes light !

Like the heart betrayed, like an orphaned
child,
Like a voyager wrecked on the ocean wild,
Like an exile poor, in a foreign land,
Thou grop'st in the dark with thy palsied
hand.

Oh, couldst thou ne'er awake
'T were well for thee !
Oh, could thy dark chains break
And set thee free !

COME HOME!



WE know not where thou art ;
But still we look for thee if steps
draw nigh ;
When gentle winds the sleepy branches
start,
We hear thy voice in every leaf's low sigh.

Strangers come and go ;
We heed them not, for none can fill thy
place ;
Dark locks have turned to white, and
joy to woe ;
But all in vain we yearn for thy dear face.

We gather round the board ;
Thy place is kept, but vacant stands thy
chair ;
Oh, bitter tears for thee have oft been
poured,
Distilled from aching hearts in mute de-
spair.

When waning stars grow dim,
Throughout the day, when twilight gilds
the sea,

When sinks the moon beneath the sky's
 low rim,
 When darkness reigns, dearest, we think
 of thee.

We love the wayward breeze, —
 It may have kissed thy cheek, thy brow
 have fanned ;
 We love the birds that flit among the
 trees, —
 They may have flown near thee in some
 far land.

Hast thou found brighter skies,
 And fairer scenes, beyond the dark sea's
 foam ?
 Here are true hearts, and anxious, lov-
 ing eyes
 Watching for thee ; lone wanderer, come
 home !



LITTLE BUNDLE OF RAGS.



LITTLE hungry mouth,
 A tiny shaking form ;
 Two little naked feet
 Out in the bitter storm ;

A tattered bundle of rags and stains,
A beggar from door to door,
A freezing bundle of aches and pains,
A starving child of the poor.

Two pleading, tearful eyes
That none will ever miss ;
Two little sunken cheeks
That never knew a kiss ;
A tattered bundle of rags and stains,
That whines for a crust to eat ;
A freezing bundle of aches and pains,
A homeless child of the street.

Two tiny purple hands,
A shock of tangled hair,
A little weary head
Asleep on the pavement bare ;
A tattered bundle of rags unblest,
Whose strife is forever o'er ;
A wretched bundle of woes at rest,
A frozen child of the poor.



LITTLE SUNBEAM.



CHILD in dainty white,
 With dimpled cheeks aglow,
 Claps hands in wild delight
 Over the whirling snow,
 A merry, dancing sunbeam,
 That flits from room to room,
 A lovely, joyous sunbeam,
 Whose smile dispels the gloom.

Two roguish eyes of blue,
 Lips rosy, arch, and sweet,
 Soft hair of golden hue,
 Two tiny, twinkling feet ;
 A merry, dancing sunbeam,
 Enchanting little fay ;
 A lovely, joyous sunbeam,
 Who steals our hearts away.

Two little folded hands
 Over a bosom fair ;
 A little sleepy head
 Bowed low in simple prayer ;
 A nodding little sunbeam
 Endowed with all that charms ;
 A happy little sunbeam
 Clasped tight in loving arms.

NEVER STRIKE A CHILD.



H ! couldst thou but recall
The hasty word or blow,
When deep 'neath sable pall
Thy little one lies low.

Oh ! for the clinging hands,
Repulsed in days of yore ;
Couldst feel again those bands
Thine eyes would not brim o'er.

Lavish the hoard of years
Upon that silent clay !
It will not quench thy tears,
Nor drive remorse away.

TO A CAGED LION.



T OSS thy mane, proud lion !
And thy strong teeth gnash !
Break those bars of iron
With one bold dash
Of thy huge paw !

Stern thy keen eyes wander
 O'er the gaping throng ;
 Fierce thy hoarse roars thunder
 Untamed along
 From thy deep maw.

Sad thy fate to languish
 In this narrow sphere,
 Fret and chafe in anguish
 From year to year
 Till grim death fall.

.

How many pine in shackles,
 With spirits all unchained !
 Many a bosom rankles,
 By Fate restrained, —
 God pity all !

TO THE OBELISK.



ONE alien from the morning
 land, why art thou here
 Beneath our cold, ungenial,
 northern sky ?

Does Egypt, then, begrudge thee space
 enough to rear
 Thy record of her grandeurs long gone
 by?

What changes thou hast seen! Wide
 realms dissolve like dreams,
 Old men discard the gods they praised
 in youth ;
The pinnacle of science reached, all known
 it seems
 Except some way to dull Time's evil
 tooth.

Mysterious sentinel, guarder of ancient
 fane,
 Thou pride of mighty kings who ruled
 the East,
Twice twenty centuries have battered thee
 in vain,
 How many more shall that sum be in-
 creased ?

Survivor of dethroned gods and long-lost
 rites,
 Rude chronicler of laws extinct, grim
 sage,

Defying Time himself and all his many
 blights,
 How could they banish thee in thine old
 age?

Relic of olden times, of dynasties o'er-
 thrown,
 Of mighty cities leveled with the dust,
Succeeding generations may have wiser
 grown,
 To thee, they were more ruthless and
 unjust.

Antique memorial, exiled to Egypt's
 shame,
 Forlorn Struldbrug!¹ why should we
 covet thee?
In veneration of thine age, and ancient
 fame,
 Thou shouldst be throned by thine own
 tideless sea.²

¹ Forlorn Struldbrug, — an imaginary inhabitant of Luggnagg. See *Gulliver's Travels*.

² Tideless sea, — the Mediterranean.

TO THE SUNSET GUN.



HY doleful knell booms o'er the
wrinkled bay
With hollow roar ; it makes old
Gotham quiver ;
Far echoes leap responsive to thy sway
Inland and up the river.

Thou belchest forth thy deep malignant
knell,
Relentlessly time's epitaph inditing,
Boding triumphantly of all things fell,
Daily the grieved heart smiting.

The wary gulls scud past like squally gust ;
Lo ! startled herds break from their
heedless keepers ;
With thine exulting blast thou shak'st the
dust
Of Greenwood's dreamless sleepers.

The loosened rock rolls down the quaking
strand ;
Spontaneous dread thy solemn boom
engenders ;

The fortress jars, and at thy stern com-
mand

'The bay its dead surrenders.

Now shrinks the guilty wretch condemned
to die ;

What phantoms throng his brain from
crimes committed !

He counts the fleeting hours with startled
eye,

For death, alas ! unfitted.

.

The day-god leaves in regal pomp and
blaze ;

Upon the sky in gorgeous hues portray-
ing

Pictures divine, floating in golden haze,
Of death no hint betraying.

Old Trinity receives the sun's last smile,
A smile benign, leaving the sweet con-
viction

That he rests on that massive, lofty pile
In kindly benediction.

And yet, O Sunset Gun! thy dismal thud
Rolls anguish on the human heart o'er-
wearied,

Roaring in savage joy, through twilight
scud :

“The Day is dead, and buried.”



VESPER BELLS.

“ Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!”

THOMAS MOORE.



W^HEN down the west the regal
sun doth glide,
And on the sky his good-night
kiss is printing,

We love to see it like a joyous bride
Suffused with rosy tinting.

E'en then, vehement Time, thy reckless
car

Bruiseth the fainting heart; thou rash de-
spoiler!

But chiming vesper balms erase the scar,
And soothe the weary toiler.

How thrills the homesick heart when ves-
per chimes
Flood all the soul with early recollections !
Transporting us afar to other climes,
Where linger our affections.

Oh, blessed hope, engendered by the bells ;
Oh, blessed trust, to waiting hearts long
slighted ;
Oh, blessed faith, within that music
wells :
“ Again — we ’ll be united. ”



THE ALIEN.

“ O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep! —
Strange heart of man ! that even midst woe swells high.”

MRS. HEMANS.



AWAY ! away ! Sea, thou art dire ;
Yet are thy moods engaging ;
Oh ! could thy billows quench the
fire
Within my bosom raging.

Henceforth, I tarry many leagues
Beyond where dupes may languish,

Or plotting knaves hatch vile intrigues
To torture me with anguish.

On ! on ! fleet bark, my pathway lies
Beyond these billows lonely,
On ! on ! fleet bark, till alien skies
Shall bend forever o'er me.



THE JEANNETTE'S DEAD.

A party of brave men commanded by Lieutenant George W. De Long, U. S. N., were sent out on an Arctic exploration by the generous and enterprising Editor of the "New York Herald." De Long and many of his gallant comrades perished of starvation at Matveh, Northern Siberia. Their remains arrived in New York, February 14, 1884.



YE, bear them o'er the main !
They who went forth to fall
where duty led,
With solemn pomp, with tears, with martial strain,
Return, — Columbia's dead !

Heroic hearts are strong,
But they would melt, even though made of
steel,

To see the frozen hand of brave De Long
Stretched forth in mute appeal.

Though kindred hearts may break,
Brave Science leads with banners all unfurled ;
The searcher's dauntless soul no terrors
shake,
He seeks a frozen world.

Long may that spirit live !
Let Enterprise still roll her mighty car, —
Wrest from the North her crystal gem, and
give
Our flag the Polar Star.

Ambition falters not ;
Although the way be strewn with human
bones,
And every step with threatful dangers
fraught,
One purpose still it owns.

To reach ambition's goal,
Where clashing icebergs mock the tem-
pest's roar,
And boreal streamers light the icy pole,
Their spirits still may soar.

Yet all do not return ;
Are their dear forms locked fast in death's
 embrace ?
Those ice-bound, mystic depths none may
 discern,
Our wand'ers none may trace.

For them we hope and wait ;
Perchance they sleep beneath eternal
 snows,
While midnight stars watch over them ;
 their fate
The Unknown only knows.

Alas, vain sacrifice !
Where are the lost ? beneath the Arctic
 crests ?
Do they still live ? or do huge mounts of
 ice
Weigh down their frozen breasts ?

Oh, blessed are they who snatch
Their loved ones from the bleak North's
 dread immense ;
Woe ! for the waiting hearts, no grief can
 match
The torture of suspense.

If deep 'neath restless wave,
 Their native sod, or Matveh's frigid pall,
 The same blue sky bends o'er each hero's
 grave, —
 Kind nature folds them all.

On Lena's dismal strands,
 No, not in vain, have ceased their hopes
 and fears,
 Above their sacred dust Nations clasp
 hands,
 And mingle friendly tears.

NEW YORK, *February 8, 1884.*



THE RESERVOIR.

The disaster here described occurred in May, 1873.



THREE villages nestled in lovely
 repose
 Above where the winding Con-
 necticut flows ;
 From grove, dell, and orchard reëchoed
 the lay
 Of wild birds outpouring their welcome to
 day ;

All nature enamored of Spring's glowing
smile
Was teeming enraptured, unconscious of
guile ;
In many a light, whirling, fantastic wreath,
Smoke - clouds from the hamlets curled
skyward beneath ;
And merrily flew all the wheels in the mill,
Whirled by the reservoir perched on the
hill.

All were mute with astonishment, frozen
with fear,
As the shout of a horseman fell on the ear :
"To the hills ! to the hills ! a deluge is
here !
To the hills ! to the hills ! grim Death is
elate
At his harvest of all who tremble and
wait !"
His loud, frightened voice the stoutest
heart thrills,
As it rings out over the doomed clanging
mills ;
He leaves not the track, till his wild char-
ger feels
The black, rushing flood at his clattering
heels,

For the water had burst the basin, and
 rolled
Into the valley uncontrolled !
As quick as the shuttle can click in the
 loom,
Lo ! village and hamlet were hurled to
 their doom,
The mansion, that lately resounded with
 joy,
Was tossed on the waves like a discarded
 toy.
Of the homes so happy that morning in
 May,
No vestige was left at the close of the day ;
And the loved ones who dwelt there, oh,
 where are they ?
Their wild shrieks were lost in the horrible
 roar,
As parents and children were swept from
 the shore ;
With faces all pallid, and hair streaming
 free,
The ruthless waves clutched them, and
 rolled to the sea.



OBSCURITY.



COOL fountains gush as pure and
free

In grotts that day-beams shun,
As they which in bright witchery
Weave rainbows in the sun.

Deep in the forest lone and drear,
Where rugged nature reigns,
Float melodies, — no human ear
Drinks such enchanting strains.

Ah, yet unfound there gleaming lies
Some purer, brighter gem
Than ever dazzled beauty's eyes,
Or blazed in diadem.

The nights which bend o'er Arctic seas
Display more gorgeous dyes
Than all the flowers that scent the breeze,
Or birds 'neath tropic skies.

How many times hath genius wrought
Some lofty, heartfelt strain, —
Bright, matchless gem of burning thought
Which arrogance hath slain.

Oft science opes her wondrous store
 To the inventive mind ;
For want of friends, the precious lore
 To darkness is consigned.

Columbia reared two noble sons,
 Heroes of equal worth ;
The world extolled those mighty ones,
 Fame challenged each at birth.

About one's tomb the Nation keeps
 Guard o'er her cherished brave ;
While one, alas ! forgotten sleeps
 In his neglected grave.



OUR DESTINIES DIVERGE.

Minds, like mountain-rills, seek channels suited to
their bent ; bar not their way, lest their beauty and vigor
be lost ere they find some other course.



NE loves to tread the rocking
 deck
When Neptune, in his might,
Hurls toppling mountains high aloft
 With ragged sides all white.

When every wave leaps from a grave
To run a phantom race,
The heavens scowl, the mad winds howl
And join the deathly chase.

Aye, when the hail thumps on the planks
Like shot beneath the sieve,
A joy then thrills his dauntless soul
The green hills cannot give.

When lightnings flash, when thunders
crash,
And driving torrents pour,
What scornful pity then he feels
For dwellers on the shore.

Another chooses solitude
Within the far-off West ;
The sombre shadows of the woods
Alone can make him blest.

He loves to feel the forest shake
When tempests are at strife ;
The very dangers round him thrown
Give zest to his wild life.

He lightly slumbers on the ground,
Trees sing his lullaby,

His pillow is a tuft of leaves,
His canopy the sky.

The distant snarl of prowling wolf
Falls harmless on his ear ;
His music is the rifle's crack
That ends the stag's career.

The hot breath leaping from the throats
Of cannons hides the sun,
And darker looks the slimy turf
Where crimson streamlets run.

At morn, where smiled the level plain,
Now little hillocks rise ;
Behold, they writhe! they're steeds and
men
In death's last agonies.

The ranks grow thin, yet falter not ;
On! on! the fort gives way ;
Thousands are dead, and thousands more
Are worse than lifeless clay.

The soldier's heart with rapture thrills
Where war-flags are unfurled,
A foothold wrested from the foe
To him is all the world.

Was there not with the hero's dream
Some secret whisper blent,
To guide him o'er dark, unknown seas
And find a continent ?

Unheeded are the warning gales
From Arctic regions borne,
To stay new victims from those seas
Where ice-locked wrecks are torn.

That mighty River which defies
The world its source to trace,
Has more allurements in its rills
Than country, kin, or race.

The searcher thou hast baffled long,
Thy mandate he disdains,
Thy hidden fount shall be revealed !
Ambition wears no chains !

High o'er the earth, above the clouds,
Behold, yon speck afar !
Aloft undazed the Genius soars
In his aerial car.

One loves to till the teeming soil ;
One delves within the mine ;

One quaffs from nature's bubbling fount,
Another sparkling wine.


Some woo the Muses, some the Fates ;
While others play the clown ;
Some love to dance in spangled tights ;
Some pray in holy gown.

And all are right, and some are true,
A few are great and wise ;
But glasses which bestride one's nose
Would blind another's eyes.



DESTINY.

The lives of people are like streams which flow from
snow-capped mountain peaks.

NE is bright as the flower which
opes for a day ;
And short-lived as the iris o'er-
arching its spray ;
One falls through some crevice, predes-
tined at birth
To creep on in darkness deep under the
earth ;

While a third, a born ruler, leaps forth to
the fray
With a sky-full of sunshine to show it the
way ;
The fourth is all music, all dimples and
glee,
It sings to each bramble, each insect and
tree ;
The alder-bush leaning, to lave in its tide,
Smiles at its reflection decked out like a
bride ;
From the elms, and the willows that wave
o'er its breast,
Young fledglings are swinging in soft
downy nest ;
Here sweet, rosy children, released from
the school,
Lag to wade and to paddle in eddying
pool ;
What splendid flotillas they launch on its
tide !
With joy for their cargo, and hope for their
guide :
Some return from that far Aidenn
After long and weary years :
Few with happiness are laden,
Many more are swamped with tears.

THE WHEELMAN.



WITH merry heart away he spins,
 While sleepy stars are paling,
 Far from the city routs and dins
 The breath of morn inhaling.

Past waving fields, by daisies starred,
 Some joyous song repeating,
 He smiles to hear the farmhouse guard
 Bow-wow a surly greeting.

Flash on ! bright, graceful, silent steed !
 Thou fleet, health-giving treasure ;
 May thy gay rider safely speed
 O'er many leagues of pleasure !



THE MASQUERADE BALL.



COME all, and join our merry train !
 Let care give way to leisure !
 To-night Prince Carnival will
 reign
 Within the halls of pleasure.

Come where gay banners are unfurled !
Let every soul be jolly !
For once, forsake the sordid world,
To greet the Prince of Folly.

The while he jests, he gayly sings
Of hot and freezing weather ;
He waves his wand, and lo ! he brings
The Seasons all together.

See Love o'er cloudy billows leap
Where rosy morning towers ;
He rouses Flora from her sleep,
With all her train of flowers.

Drink to our Prince ! bright flow the tide !
Fill high the foaming chalice !
Drink to the fairies as they glide
Within his splendid palace !

Bejeweled Queens with Beggars dance,
A Bishop leads the revel ;
And wild with laughter past us glance
An Angel and the Devil !

Let all now whirl a merry rout,
Why stand we here reviewing ?

Come! let us wheel old Time about!
 Again sweet youth renewing.

Fear not! although your heads grow light,
 Your pockets will be lighter;
 No matter if you do get tight,
 Your friends will all be tighter.

Sing, dance, and laugh, be fancy-free!
 Nor care, nor trouble borrow;
 Forget that all your hats will be
 'Too small for you to-morrow.



WINE.

“Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake and thine often infirmities.” — 1 Timothy, v. 23.



WITHIN my dainty, fragile crystal
 cup
 Thousands of tiny sparks are
 flashing up,
 Diamonds of purest light are dull and poor
 Compared with these bright gems which
 bubble o'er.

E'en lovely Cleopatra's famous pearl
Was crude to these which in my goblet
whirl.

Enchanting draught! what new delights
are mine

As thee I sip, rose-amber nectarine!

The breath of flowers o'er fragrant vine-
clad hills,

The lark's blithe lay, the melody of rills,
Gay children's mirth, the maiden's sunny
smile,

The peasant's laugh, true love untinged by
guile,

The vintage song, in my glad fantasy,
Sweet, sparkling wine, are all infused in
thee!

Delicious wine! it soothes the weary soul,
Makes foes clasp hands around the foam-
ing bowl,

Blots out old feuds; it elevates mankind,
Gives us more cheer than all things else
combined;

It makes the rich do good with hoarded
pelf,

And man to love his neighbor as himself.

CHAMPAGNE SONG.



WE sing thy praise, sweet, foaming
 wine,
 Thou vanquisher of woe ;
 Sad hearts grow light, and dull eyes shine,
 Wherever thou dost flow.

All hail the land where they distill
 Bright sunshine as it gleams ;
 Our spirits thrill, we sip at will
 That light in liquid beams.

The gods in one o'erwhelming crew, —
 The whole celestial staff, —
 Would storm the world if they but knew
 What nectar mortals quaff.

Clink ! glasses, clink ! let joy increase ;
 Let song and laughter reign ;
 For life imbibes a double lease
 In sparkling, cold Champagne.

THE DRUNKARD.



WAKE at night,
And quake with fright
And dread ;
Without a sound,
Ghosts flit around
My bed.

There gleams the knife
With which his life
I took ;
Gory streams glide
On every side
I look.

Demons who grin
At my fell sin
Appear ;
His dying groan,
His orphan's moan,
I hear.

Ah, writhing there,
With serpent hair,
I see

His blazing eyes
Glare in surprise
At me.

He rises now,
With clotted brow —
Vain, vain !
I hear him fall ;
I live it all
Again.

O God ! the blood !
The crimson flood
I spilt ;
Can justice trace,
In my scared face,
My guilt ?

I 'll flee ! but where ?
His gold, I dare
Not touch ;
The law will deal
With me — I feel
Its clutch.

Ah ! crimson snakes
With golden flakes
Unwind ;

With coiling bands
My arms and hands
They bind.

Wide yawns deep hell ;
I hear my knell
Toll ! toll !
They tie the noose,
I know I 'll lose
My soul —



THE BROOK'S MELODIES.



H, joyous brook ! thy varied lay
Reveals an undertone
That breathes of music far away,
Where sadness is unknown.

The carol of the free, wild bird,
Whispers from wood and glen,
Harmonious reeds by zephyrs stirred
Beyond the haunts of men.

The cricket's song from mossy thatch,
The beetle's drowsy whirr,

Rustle of twigs and vines that catch
A tap from cone or burr.

The reckless mirth of mountain rills,
The fall of silvery spray,
Sweet, lulling sounds from breezy hills
Where leafy shadows play.

The fairies' rout from sylvan dells,
Echoes from grotts and caves,
And tinkling chime of foxglove-bells, —
All mingle in thy waves.



TO THE CHARLES RIVER.



RIGHT, limpid, winding river !

Thou hast a plaintive tone,
Faint as the reed's low quiver
When summer winds have blown.

Deep shadows on thy borders lie,
Fair Cynthia smiles above ;
It is an hour when widows sigh,
And maidens dream of love.

The sun has left a mellow glow
On sky, on earth, and main ;
The night-bird's lay floats soft and low
From o'er the drowsy plain.

The galaxy its pennon flings
Across the azure dome ;
The cloudlets look like fairy wings
Composed from tufts of foam.

Afar and near, the glow-worms keep
Their vigil by thy side,
To guard the lilies while they sleep
Upon thy pearly tide.

Thy loveliness no blemish mars,
No discord wakes thy strand,
And heaven has lent thee all its stars
To stud thy gleaming band.

Upon thy banks in other days,
The beacon flaunted high ;
The warrior knew by that red blaze
That death was lurking nigh.

Yes, here the freeman met the foe,
Within this very dell ;

Where rest their bones no friend may know,
And none their names can tell.

Those heroes still are guarding thee,
A bright angelic throng ;
If I but close mine eyes, I see
Their spirits flit along.

These elms, which rise the clouds to meet,
For centuries have swayed ;
A thousand times the Indian fleet
Hath bounded 'neath their shade.

When autumn frowns, their kingly crowns
They toss upon thy shore
As softly as the light skiff bounds
When lovers dip the oar.

The mighty, scornful, northern blast
May fell the lofty tree ;
Like man, the elm shall die at last,
But what is that to thee ?

Let winter wail, with cheeks all pale,
And tangled locks of snow,
For thou wilt don thy crystal mail
To guard thy peaceful flow.

To thee, poor wearied souls have flown
O'erwhelmed with earthly woes ;
Thou hast thy mantle o'er them thrown,
And soothed them in repose.

Ah, well ! to gaze upon thy breast
As calm as infant's sleep,
I, too, could wish eternal rest
Where eyes may never weep.

Flow on ; my soul drinks thy soft lay ;
A sweeter song is thine
Than gentle, whisp'ring zephyrs play
Upon the tasseled pine.

I love thy ev'ry trill and tone,
O ever restless stream !
I love to muse by thee alone
When others sleep and dream.

I love thee when the dawn's first ray
Illumes thee with its light ;
I love thee when the god of day
Is kissing thee good-night.



LAKE OF THE WOODS.



HOW beautiful thou art, calm inland sea!

For love, the west wind folds its wings o'er thee,
 And the new-born lilies like infants blest
 Are rocked to sleep on throbbing breast.

Thou dost return the bright moon's serene glance

Without a wrinkle on thy fair expanse,
 Save where the pines fling a needle in,
 Or darting trout show a mottled fin.

These bordering trees tower from the sod
 Like some vast temple reared to worship God;

Their vespers low, when the branches start,
 Diffuse no balm o'er my aching heart.

I loved a maiden once, and thought her true;

Tawny her braids, her eyes the larkspur's
hue,
Silvery her voice, sunny her brow ;
Lone I muse by thee, where is she now ?



IDYL OF LAKE GEORGE.



USH ! have a care,
No further dare ;
We tread enchanted ground
Where sylvan nymphs abound
With golden hair.

Wild heart, be calm,
Break not the charm,
My soul is steeped in bliss ;
See how the sunbeams kiss
That perfect arm.

Far o'er the lake
The ripples wake,
And low, sweet rhymes repeat,
Plashing those dainty feet
For love's dear sake.

Birds on the wing,
High circling,
Swift in their happy flight
Over this vision bright,
Hover and sing.

Let others still
Enraptured thrill
Before this sylvan shrine ;
But it is wholly mine
Ever at will.

For on my heart,
By Cupid's dart,
Is stamped each lovely face,
Each soft, exquisite grace,
Ne'er to depart.



THE SPRAY AND BOW RIVERS.



FT in my waking dreams,
I hear, or so it seems,
An echo of the lay
Sung by the Bow and Spray.

The Rockies crowned with snow ;
An eagle high in air ;
The shores with flowers aglow,
And you were with me there. —

We learned from Nature's page
Lore ne'er yet gained of sage,
Truths that we joyed to know,
Taught by the Spray and Bow.

We saw those rivers race,
Beheld their glad embrace ;
Our souls blent like those streams
Their mingled songs in dreams.

We viewed the steaming tide
That stained the mountain-side,
From caldrons miles beneath
The vapor's curling wreath.

Then, high above the hills,
We caught the glance of rills,
Where glacier-cascades flow
To join the Spray and Bow.

I see, or seem to see,
Those bright streams gushing free,

'Twixt green banks far away,
As then, — oh, happy day!

To me, the place most sweet
Is where those rivers meet,
That dear, loved nook, where flow
And wed the Spray and Bow.



THE SEASONS.



LOVELY maid is budding spring,
Who sends our spirits flying
Where mating birds love-ditties
sing,
And zephyrs sweet are sighing.


Summer, the flirt! — to her we doff
Our wits to woo the charmer;
But Cupid's darts glance harmless off
The siren's jeweled armor.

Autumn's a lavish dame whose vest
In gorgeous hues is tinted,
Yet, lovely as a mother's breast
By baby-fingers dinted.

Winter revels in song and mirth
Where hearts united mingle :
The old, around the blazing hearth,
The young, where sleigh-bells jingle.



JUNE.

HE honeysuckles toss their leaves
Upon the fragrant air ;
The nimble spider deftly weaves
Its gossamery snare.

From tiny nests that sway aloft
The sweetest warblings flow ;
Forget-me-nots are whisp'ring soft,
And blue-bells chiming low.

The lily spreads her snowy sail
Upon the dimpled lake,
Her gondola outrides the gale
That wrecks the graceful brake.

Within the forest's green arcade
Where sunbeams never glance,
The glow-worm lights the sylvan glade
While fairies gayly dance,

With columbines and buttercups
 The fields are all aglow ;
 Alighting oft, the wild bee sups
 From clover white as snow.

The joyous birds in dell and grove
 Fling out their wildest notes ;
 The butterflies which past me rove
 Have on their brightest coats.

The tall grass breathes a plaintive sigh
 O'er daisies list'ning mute ;
 Anon, chimes in the locust's cry,
 Or cricket's merry lute.

Enchanting June ! with odors sweet,
 And birds that wing the air,
 What raptures new the senses greet !
 While Love reigns everywhere !



AUTUMN.



N sombre wood and pensive dale,
 The dead leaves tell a mournful
 tale
 Of summer lying cold and pale,
 While chilly winds are sighing ;

The lofty tree has doffed its crown ;
The river wears a sullen frown ;
The hills are draped in robes of brown ;
 The birds are southward flying.

Where lilies held their cups of pearl,
There 's nothing but a shriveled burl ;
Of vines, but one poor brittle curl
 Adorns the fretted wicker ;
The rose-tree stands like goblin grim,
Beating the air with naked limb ;
The glow-worm's lamp, nor bright nor dim,
 Not one is left to flicker.

Gray scud obscures the upper land,
Where bright youth romped, a joyous band,
With smiling lip and dimpled hand,
 Stained by the hill-side berry ;
Where clangs yon gate, an idle thing,
Our children's children used to swing ;
God send them with the birds in spring,
 To make the old farm merry !



STORM PICTURES.



BEHOLD! the clouds whirl past
 as if they would
 Some dread pursuer thus elude.
 But mark
 With what rapidity each thunder-bolt
 Unrolls the magic scene! Heaven's deep
 vault
 Seems turned to one vast pandemonium!
 Up from the dwarfed horizon flap the
 broad,
 Extended wings of an unwieldy roc,
 Within its long hooked claws it clutches
 fast
 A dragon's ponderous form.

 Right overhead,
 Gigantic Titans pile huge mountains up;
 Then hurl them down again. Lo! routed
 hosts,
 With tattered flags and steeds all rider-
 less,
 Rush frantically towards the sullen west.
 Dark, rocking forests spring from sunlit
 vales;
 O'er lakes of gold enchanted cities drift;

Temples and fanes spin giddily around ;
Weird spectres glide o'er frowning battlements ;
Now, all are tossed in wild confusion up
By hands invisible ; then melt away
Like mist-shrouds o'er the boundless gulf
of Time.

In bold relief a promontory now
Rears its bald head above a raging sea ;
On bounds a fated ship with every stitch
Of canvas far outstretched to catch the
gale,
Which to destruction hurls the battered
wreck !
It strikes the rock, rebounds upon the tall,
White crest of an o'erhanging wave, where
now
It staggers like a wounded mastodon !
The straining lurid sails are chased with
shafts
Of fire, but her vast hull is blacker than
The cinders of deep hell.

Down thumps the rain,
As if the furious gods were beating now
The long-roll for lost souls ; while mighty
Jove's

Artillery all belches forth at once !
 The hills resound ! the earth trembles
 amain !
 While lofty trees waver like wanton reeds.



VISIONS OF THE WOODS.



DAY-dreams I weave, of which the
 warp and woof,
 In rainbow-tinted hues, disclose
 to my
 Enraptured gaze the spicy laden woods,
 Beneath whose arching boughs my child-
 hood's years
 Flashed like a wayward brook.

Dear, grand, old friendly woods ! how
 many times
 Your emerald mantle has turned red and
 gold,
 Since last in quick response you echoed
 back
 My song ! The seasons in their hurried
 rounds
 Have all encircled you with loving arms ;

You are unchanged, save where some sentinel,
Who, from his dizzy outlook, has withstood
The brunts and buffets of untold decades,
At last lies prone 'neath mossy coverlet.

Once more I thread your mazy, tangled paths!
Again I climb some lofty, graceful shaft
To watch, through golden gates of heaven,
the sun's
Departing radiance, that softly rests
In benediction on your verdant crowns.

A pensive sigh sweeps through the pine's
long fringe ;
It is the pliant wind, beneath whose sway
The leaves all thrill with low, sweet melody,
Awak'ning memories more tender than
A youthful mother's timid lullaby.
Anon, the sturdy boughs and pendant
vines
Catch up the surging strain, till far and
near,
Through aisle and nave, a mighty chorus
swells

In one triumphant chord ! then dies away
 Like holy vespers o'er a tranquil sea ;
 And all is hushed, save that from far-off
 dells,
 Come dreamy murmurs from the woodland
 rill,
 Or plaintive notes of some lone whippoor-
 will,
 Who calls in pleading tones its tardy mate.



A SONG TO CALIFORNIA.



HERE the blue Pacific Ocean
 Beats thy mighty, rock-ribbed
 strands,

Where it with caressing motion
 Throbs upon thy golden sands,

Where "Old Baldy" sends his fountains
 Dancing down in limpid mirth,
 Framed and fringed by countless moun-
 tains,
 Smiles the paradise of earth !

Lo ! unnumbered herds are grazing
 Over teeming slope and plain ;

How one thrills with rapture, gazing
O'er thy boundless fields of grain !

Palms and rose-trees in confusion
Sway their banners in thy breeze ;
Rip'ning fruits in rich profusion
Like big jewels load thy trees.

Clustered vines in beauty trailing
Wreathe and festoon hill and glade ;
Birds and bees are ever sailing
Where thy blossoms never fade.

Oh ! to revel in bright day-dreams
Where thy honeysuckles twine ;
Oh ! to sip imprisoned sunbeams
In the nectar of thy vine.

Where " Old Baldy " sends his fountains
Dancing down in limpid mirth,
Framed and fringed by countless moun-
tains,
Smiles the paradise of earth !

ALASKA.



OME of mighty frozen rivers,
Land where midnight sunshine
quivers

O'er thine icy shrouds ;
Mountains grasping leagues of glaciers,
Glaciers clasping mounts of treasures,
High above the clouds.

Water smooth as polished brass,
Blue as midnight, clear as glass,
Silent, without motion ;
Bays by rushing rivers dyed,
Channels racing with the tide,
Wild as storm-tossed ocean.

Saint Elias, lofty, grand,
Monarch of this wonderland,
Thy white mantle blown to shreds,
Streams aloft like raveled threads,
Miles on miles abounding ;
In the avalanche's wrath,
In the landslide's awful swath,
Miles of snow-slips cleave the air,
Sweeping mountains smooth and bare,

Miles of forests heave and shake,
Down they thunder, roar and quake
Far and wide resounding.

World of islands, game and flowers ;
Land where luscious strawberries grow ;
Home of lovely, rosy bowers ;
Hills where salmon berries glow ;
Book of uncut pages !
Gleaming, curving, serpentine,
Where a million rills combine : —
How the Yukon rages !
Ice ten thousand centuries old,
Guarding tons of virgin gold,
Waiting future ages.

Echoes hurling back the thunder
Of ice-mountains rent asunder, —
Of ice-giants plunging under
In triumphant mirth !
Echoes mock the roaring, groaning
Of ice-titans wailing, moaning
In the throes of birth : —
High the surges upward leap,
Far the billows shoreward sweep,
Hear the canyons deeply voicing
All the ocean's wild rejoicing

O'er each iceberg downward hurled, —
 Huge constructors of the world :
 On their gleaming, frozen shoulders
 Bearing gravel, sand and boulders,
 Building up the earth.



MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.



RISE! come forth! Aurora's
 blush
 Tints all the world a rosy flush ;
 Unclasp dear arms that would detain
 The clinging form in love's domain ;
 Rise from the couch of wedded joy,
 Let not excessive pleasures cloy !
 Gaze on the world where beauty thrills
 With every pulse as Nature wills.

Between the elms, in sweet repose,
 The weather-beaten farm-house glows ;
 The ponderous chimney's sooty throat
 Sends azure wreaths of smoke afloat,
 Which rest upon the humid air,
 Like guarding angels floating there ;
 The ancient roof, well thatched with moss,

Lights up like starry tufts of floss ;
The tiny window-panes shine out
Through blooming creepers twined about ;
The well-curb flashes back each ray,
White, orange, crimson, silver-gray ;
The bucket glows with gems as bright
As those which dazed Margaret's ¹ sight ;
Poised on its crutch, the creaky sweep,
Like burnished gold, swings o'er its keep,
And ever points invitingly
Where nectar bubbles pure and free.

From noisy barn, upon the ear
Resounds the call of Chanticleer ;
Along the lane, towards the lea,
The glossy herd winds leisurely,
Or turns aside with frequent stop,
The tender wayside grass to crop ;
With tossing manes and flying heels,
The rakish colts spin round the fields ;
A flock of ravens undismayed
Light in the scarecrow's grotesque shade.

These acres bring their owner wealth,
His brawny arm bespeaks his health ;

¹ "Margaret," the heroine in the drama of Faust, by Goethe.

There's grandeur in his manly stride,
His genial smile no tan can hide ;
Content is she who wears his name,
She does not wish a prouder fame.

Love is abroad with flying darts,
Joy reigns supreme in youthful hearts ;
The old again sweet youth renew,
In buoyant step and strong sinew ;
Dim eyes again flash youthful fire,
The old again feel youth's desire ;
Ah, what care they how years increase,
Since balmy air gives life new lease ?
The ill, new hopes in life confess,
And children brim with happiness !

Fitful as melody in dreams,
Gush tender chords from wayward streams ;
Blue as ribbon from the skies,
Bright as midnight's starry band,
Blithe as beamy, laughing eyes,
Dimpled as an infant's hand,
The winding brook murmurs along,
As softly as a cradle-song ;
It flashes out among the reeds,
Under the rustic bridge it speeds,

Across the field, adown the steep
With joyous shout it plunges ;
From crag to crag with reckless leap
Through cleft and grot it lunges.

Now o'er the rocks in foam it curls,
Aloft bright rainbows flinging,
Then dashing on in giddy whirls
Its mirth the echoes ringing.

Down twilight glens, where pale bluebells
A fairy measure tinkle,
And fire-flies throughout the dells
Their tiny lanterns twinkle,

Through dreamy woods it glides so calm
Its mirror is unbroken,
Save where the maples mar the charm
By tossing it some token.

In every curve and mimic bay
Are fleets at anchor riding,
Where lucky-bugs are wild at play,
Between the shallops hiding.

One tiny bark obeys its helm
And darts away elated,

To seek some undiscovered realm
With dancing sunbeams freighted.

With nodding flowers its banks are dressed,
Their beauty it confesses,
They lean upon its throbbing breast
And thrill in its caresses.

O dazzling sight! big drops of dew
Reflect the sky's resplendent hue,
Each tree upholds a crystal mass,
They tremble on each blade of grass,
On rails where worms have tunnels bored,
They roll a realm's imperial hoard ;
They flash from rock, stump, twig, and
brush,
They gem the mullein's Quaker plush ;
The spider's slight cable is hung
With dainty globules deftly strung ;
From post to post, held by a thread,
Their beaded hammocks sway o'erhead ;
Traced o'er with pearls, in easy reach,
Their gossamer is spread to bleach ;
The pansies sleep 'neath broidered quilt,
The iris boasts a jeweled hilt,
Quaint caterpillars fold on fold
Impel their armor o'er the mould ;

Their bristling zones of vivid rust
Gleam as though tipped with diamond
dust.

There's vigor in the spicy gale,
There's beauty in the pensive dale ;
Like flecks of rainbow on the air
The butterfly sports here and there ;
The colors on its wings eclipse
The brightest cup from which it sips ;

A world of flowers, like winsome sprites,
Allure us on to new delights ;
Unfolding buds adorn the trees,
Sweet odors load the wand'ring breeze ;
From every apple-tree's pink crown
A cloud of flakes is sifting down ;
The ground is white, and canopied
Fit for an houri's bridal-bed.

A carnival of revelry
Proclaims the wildbird's ecstasy ;
The lark, the thrush, from tuneful throats
Pour forth their tender, pleading notes ;
Housed in the tangled wayside hedge,
The catbird feeds its tiny pledge ;

116 *Morning in the Country*

A robin from an alder spray
Now pipes his morning roundelay ;
The bobolinks for roods around
Make all the woods and hills resound ;
Up mounts the redstart high and higher,
Cleaving the sky, with wings of fire ;
Enchanting Morn ! the welkin rings
With melody that Nature sings !







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 762 768 5